

without blow dryers & an eye
for the superfluous
it's much too late
we need the truly capable
to overcome their personal disgust
& remove the obstructions

THE HEAT IN HARVARD YARD

i can see he wants something
i don't want to give
courteous information
i refuse
as he begins
"do you know where ... ?"
that's as far as it goes
before i've got his throat in my left hand
my right has already thrown 6 or 7 short punches
i can hear the crunch of bone in his nose
those complacent teeth
are ridged with his own blood
one eye is swollen & beginning to close
i'm pounding his stomach & kidneys
all wishful thinking
he ignores my verbal rudeness
& begins his own form of insolence
"relax, relax" he smirks
fat fuckin chance

-- J Levin

Cambridge MA

HOUSE IMAGE

In P-town, Massachusetts,
87 Roses, 54 Silvers and
102 Snows intermarry freely
so that after a while
everyone is his own cousin.
Phonebooks are useless
if you want to get the plumber.
And the poets are
sounding more like pipes each day
silent
except when they chink
against each other.